Decius and *Paulina*,

A

MASQUE,

To which are added,

The other Musical Entertainments,

As perform'd, at the

THEATRE *in* Lincoln's-Inn-Fields,

IN THE

Dramatic OPERA *of* CIRCE.

Written by Mr. THEOBALD,

AND

Set to Musick by Mr. GALLIARD.

LONDON:

Printed for W. MEARS, at the *Lamb*,

without *Temple-Bar*. 1719.

[Price 6 *d.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MARCELLUS,	Sign^r. *Marguerita.*
DECIUS MUNDUS,	Mrs. *Barbier.*
PAULINA,	Mrs. *Pulman.*
Prieſteſs of ISIS,	Mrs. *Fletcher.*
SIMO, an Attendant on *Decius*,	Mr. *Leveridge.*
IDA, an Attendant on *Paulina*,	Mr. *Pack.*

SCENE, *The Temple of* ISIS, *and adjacent Parts in* ROME.

DECIUS and *PAULINA*,

A

MASQUE.

SCENE I. A Garden.

MARCELLUS, *and* PAULINA.

Marc. Lovely Maid! while I repeat
My ardent Vows, thus gazing
On thy Charms,
The flatt'ring Hours uncounted fly,
And Life dissolves in Bliss away.
Be grateful to my Flame;
Nor let a Rival's Pow'r prevail
To rob me of the Heart, in which I live.

Paul. Have I not sworn?——
And do you still suspect?

Marc.

Marc. Alas! my tender Fears forgive;
Doubts ſtill divide the Breaſt, where Paſſion reigns.

Ten thouſand Pains ſurround me,
When from thy Sight I go.

Think, Abſence needs muſt wound me,
Since Pleaſures round thee flow.

Ten thouſand Pains ſurround me,
When from thy Sight I go.

[Ex. *Marcellus.*

SCENE II.

SIMO, IDA, *and* PAULINA.

Ida. See, where ſhe ſtands, all penſive and alone,
Occaſion favours your Addreſs.

Simo. *Decius* by me, his humbleſt Slave,
To bright *Paulina*, Miſtreſs of his Vows,
Health and the tendreſt Wiſhes ſends,
That Love did e'er inſpire.

Paul.

Paul. No more, ——
Ceaſe your importunate Addreſs.

In vain you ſtrive my Breaſt to move,
I'm arm'd againſt the Force of Love:

No more can Flatt'ries here prevail,
Than Winds that ſtubborn Oaks aſſail,
And idly murmur thro' the Grove.

In vain you ſtrive my Breaſt to move,
I'm arm'd againſt the Force of Love.

Simo. Ah, fair *Paulina!* if the Charms
Of *Decius* touch not your relentleſs Soul,
Yet weigh his Wealth, and boundleſs Pow'r,
And ſee how bright theſe Jewels blaze!
[*Shews a Bracelet.*

Here Cupid *plays with wondrous Art,*
And ev'ry ſparkling Gem's a Dart.

Paul. Back to thy Lord his treach'rous Preſents bear,
And, with them, ſay how much I ſcorn his Love.

Ida, The ſolemn Hour's at hand,
When we at *Iſis'* hallow'd Shrine muſt bow.

Yet here? —— [*Looking on* Simo.
Then I must shun the Place,
For Virtue suffers when it treats with Shame.

Rage, and just Disdain inspire me,
Both contend my Breast t' inflame.

Pride, and conscious Blushes fire me
To protect my injur'd Fame.

Rage, and just Disdain inspire me,
Both contend my Breast t' inflame.

[*Ex. Paulina.*

SCENE III.

SIMO, *and* IDA.

Simo. *Ida,*

Ida. What say my *Simo* dear?

Sim. The Golden Hopes are fled:
Fantastick Sex! Ah, silly Pride,
A Gift of such a Price to scorn!

'Tis not Virtue, but 'tis Vice
To be ſo reſerv'd and nice:
When they are ſo richly dreſs'd,
Why ſhould they doubt,
And why ſtand out,
When ſo little is requir'd?
'Tis not Virtue, but 'tis Vice
To be ſo reſerv'd and nice.

Id. Muſt Women then, becauſe they bloom (in Charms,
Strait fall into th' expecting Lover's Arms?

Sim. Why not?— The mellow Pear, we ſee,
If over-ripe, forſakes the Tree.

Ida. Were we ſo courteous, and ſo forward (found,
We ſoon might lie neglected on the Ground.

I would that Woman
Should yield to no Man,
Or Love like Autumn-Fruit beſtow;

No,

No, no, 'tis Reaſon,
You nick the Seaſon,
And take the Trouble to ſhake the Bough.

Sim. Can cruel *Ida* then conſent
To give her *Simo* Diſcontent?
And let him dwindle, till he but diſcover
The meagre Shadow of a luſty Lover?

Take me, while this Bloom and Grace
Give a Luſtre to my Face:
E'er this Shape and Mien forſake me,
Age unnerve, or Palſies ſhake me,
E'er Old Time *my Strength deſtroy,*
And I grow unfit for Joy.
Take me, while this Bloom and Grace
Give a Luſtre to my Face.

Ida. Simo, thou know'ſt how much I love,
How much thy beauteous Form I prize,

But,

But, ah! 'tis wond'rous, wond'rous ſweet,
To have a Lover
Some Pains diſcover,
And ſigh, and languiſh at our Feet.

Freely would I to thy Arms
Give up all my youthful Charms,
And thy gen'rous Paſſion meet:

But, ah! 'tis wondrous, wondrous ſweet,
To have a Lover
Some Pains diſcover,
And ſigh, and languiſh at our Feet.

Sim. Soft! *Decius* comes; my Duck, retire:
'Twere well to be unſeen, till we
Can with more welcome Tidings greet him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. A Chamber.

DECIUS.

Dec. *O Love, thou anxious, pleaſing Gueſt!*
How are we pain'd, how are we bleſt!

Now we feel Deſpair and Anguiſh,
Now with Joy we ſweetly languiſh,
Hope and Fear divide the Breaſt.

O Love, thou anxious, pleaſing Gueſt!
How are we pain'd, how are we bleſt!

SCENE V.

MARCELLUS, DECIUS.

Marc. Talks he of Love? and idly dreams,
Perhaps, of Joys *Paulina* may beſtow?

Dec. Ha! ——
Did I not hear *Paulina*'s Name?
But from a Rival's Tongue what Name can pleaſe!

Marc.

Marc. Yes, *Decius*, I a favour'd Rival boaſt;
And thy Pretenſions dare deſpiſe.

Dec. Inſult not on a Woman's Vows,
Whoſe Faith is ſhort-liv'd as her Charms.

Marc. Unequal'd Inſolence! forbear
With thy licentious Breath to wound her Fame:
Or from my Rage a juſt Revenge expect.

Fly, e'er the Tempeſt ſhake me,
E'er Patience quite forſake me;
Fierce Reſentment gives th' Alarm.

Love, that ſooths to ſoft Deſire,
If Diſdain or Vengeance fire,
Can the Soul with Fury arm.

Fly, e'er the Tempeſt ſhake me,
E'er Patience quite forſake me,
Fierce Reſentment gives th' Alarm.

Dec. I have not Leiſure to diſpute,
But can thy empty Threats contemn;
And know, I ev'ry Art will try
To make the ſtubborn Maid comply.

[*Ex.* Decius.

SCENE VI.

MARCELLUS.

Marc. All Arts on Virtue try'd are vain;
For Innocence, in its own Strength ſecure,
Stands like a Rock that breaks the daſhing Waves,
And baffles ev'ry Storm. ——
But ſee, ſhe comes: ——

SCENE VII.

MARCELLUS, PAULINA.

Paul. To Thee, as to a Guardian God, I fly,
To ſhelter me from Care:
Decius with hated Love purſues me.

Marc. My Spirits ſtart at *Decius'* Name;
He threatens ev'ry Art to uſe,
To make thee yield to his licentious Love.

Paul. Give not a Thought to Fear;
I'm Conſtant, and his Arts deſpiſe.

Mart. O virtuous Maid! —— Teach me, ye (Pow'rs,
Such wondrous Goodneſs to repay.

M. *Fate now no more can* } *wound me,*
P. *With no Suſpicions* }

M. *Since you ſo* } *conſtant prove.*
P. *I ſtill will* }

M. *Content and Joy* } *ſurround me,*
P. *Misfortunes then* }

M. *My Soul is tun'd* } *to love.*
P. *When I forbear* }

M. *Fate now no more can* } *wound me,*
P. *With no Suſpicions* }

M. *Since you ſo* } *conſtant prove.*
P. *I ſtill will* }

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

DECIUS, SIMO.

Dec. SIMO, what ſays the charming Maid?
Will ſhe be kind, and yield to Love?

Simo. 'Tis hard a Woman's Will to find,
Or by her Words expound her Mind.

Dec. Keep me not in Suſpenſe,
But ſay, at once, what Hopes remain?

Simo. Then longer not in Doubt to hold you,
Take This—and think my Story told you.
[*Gives* Decius *the Bracelet.*

Dec. Does ſhe my Preſents and my Love de-
(ſpiſe?
Proud and diſdainful Fair!
Thus to requite the Pains I've bore!

O Realms of Night! O gloomy Pow'rs!
Receive me to your peaceful Bow'rs:
A Wretch, whom cruel Fate has made
Unfit for Light and upper Day,
Grows ſick of yon reſplendent Ray,
And, courting Death, invokes your Aid.

O Realms

O Realms of Night! O gloomy Pow'rs!
Receive me to your peaceful Bow'rs.

Simo. My Lord, I grieve for your Diſtreſs;
Live, and in Hope, at leaſt, poſſeſs.
Paulina, tho' of Love afraid,
Is ſtill a ſuperſtitious Maid,
And by her Zeal may be betray'd.

Dec. Say on;—thy myſtick Words explain.

Sim. Oft ſhe to *Iſis'* Temple goes,
And piouſly renews her Vows;
With Gold ſuborn th' attending Tribe
Of Prieſts, (for Prieſts will take a Bribe,)
And they, by ſome well-wrought Device,
Will Her to your Embrace entice.

Dec. Thou kindeſt, beſt Aſſiſtant!
Receive this Earneſt of my Love.
[*Gives* Simo *a Purſe with Gold.*
Still ſerve my Flame, and *Decius* is thy Friend.
But to the ſacred Dome I'll ſtrait repair,
And execute the great Deſign.
Simo, this Signet quick to *Fulvius* bear,
And from him fifty Talents bring;
I at the Temple ſhall be found.
[*Ex.* Simo.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

DECIUS.

Dec. *Bright* Cytherea! *Queen of Love!*
The cold, relentleſs Charmer move:

O let her feel thy pleaſing Fire,
And breath into her Soul Deſire.

Bright Cytherea! *Queen of Love!*
The cold, relentleſs Charmer move.

[*Ex. Decius.*

SCENE X.

SIMO, *and* IDA.

Ida. SIMO;——

Simo. My Love;——I muſt not ſtay,
But to the Temple ſtrait away:
Yet hold;—— receive this glitt'ring Store;
[*Gives her Gold.*
And think, if Things hit right, of more.

My

My Genius now is buſie grown,
And Fate's reſolv'd my Worth to crown.

I'm fill'd with Thoughts of ſudden State;
'Tis Jove *inſpires*
Theſe big Deſires,
This ſtrange Ambition to be great.

My Genius now is buſie grown,
And Fate's reſolv'd my Worth to crown.

Ida. Ah! *Simo*, if thy Wits remain,
If no bad Star has hurt thy Brain;
Let ſuch vain Whimſies ſtand confin'd,
And to thy Fortunes fit thy Mind:
Theſe Raptures would more welcome be,
If right employ'd on Love, and Me.

The Nymph, that boaſts the happy Charms
To win a Lover to her Arms,
Is pleas'd to hear her Beauty's Praiſe:

When with artful Complaiſance
You our Beauty's Praiſe enhance,
O then you moſt our Liking raiſe.

The Nymph, that boaſts the happy Charms
To win a Lover to her Arms,
Is pleas'd to hear her Beauty's Praiſe.

Simo. For This ſome other Time allow,
Decius demands my Service now;
In ſhort, his Suit, as beſt thou may'ſt, promote,
And I to thee myſelf for Life devote.

Sim. } *And then, O then, my* { Ida / Simo } *dear,*
Ida. }

Both. *'Twill all be Tranſport, Love, and Joy:*

Sim. *Then* } *at Will* { *I'll* / *ſhalt* } *revel here,*
Ida. *Thou* }

Sim. *Then I'll* } *take unnumber'd Kiſſes,*
Ida. *Thou ſhalt* }

Sim. *Then I'll* } *reap unnumber'd Bliſſes,*
Ida. *Thou ſhalt* }

Both. *And each Hour in Love employ.*

[Exeunt *ſeverally.*

SCENE

SCENE XI. The Temple.

Prieſteſs, and Prieſts attending.

Prieſteſs. *Blind God of Love, and of Diſguiſe,*
What various Changes crown thy Pow'r!
Jove has for thee forſook his Skies,
A mortal Beauty to adore.
Blind God of Love, and of Diſguiſe,
What various Changes crown thy Pow'r!

But *Decius*, (impious Pride!)
To perſonate a God aſpires:
And could his Paſſion point out none but Me,
To aid his wild Deſires?
But ſhall it be? No; the licentious Boy
With Juſtice is betray'd:
He from his Hopes at once ſhall fall,
And Diſappointment, Scorn, and Shame ſhall wait him.

Paulina comes;---- It muſt be tried,
How She the God will entertain.

SCENE XII.

Prieſteſs, *Prieſts*, PAULINA, and IDA.

Prieſteſs. Paulina, hail! O happy Maid,
Whoſe mortal Beauties have a God inflam'd,
Divine *Anubis* ſighs for thy Embrace,
And to poſſeſs Thee from his Heav'n deſcends.

Paul. Ye gracious Pow'rs! am I awake?
Alas! I tremble: ——

Prieſteſs. Calm theſe Fears,
And to the Purpoſe of the Gods reſign.

To obtain the envied Treaſure
Of eternal Youth and Pleaſure,
Yield to the God's Embrace.

Beauties blooming,
Unconſuming,
So thy heav'nly Form ſhall grace.

To obtain the envied Treaſure
Of eternal Youth and Pleaſure,
Yield to the God's Embrace.

Paul.

Paul. Give me ſome Proof that by the God's (Command
Thou do'ſt theſe Words pronounce.

Prieſteſs. So, when by Viſion he his Will re- (veal'd,
Was I commiſſion'd to confirm thy Doubts:
And know, *Anubis* will with Pomp appear,
And from thyſelf thy ſelf demand.

Paul. *New Tranſports all my Pow'rs controul,*
They croud, and take up all my Soul;
Thro' ev'ry throbbing Vein I feel
An unacquainted Pleaſure ſteal:
New Tranſports all my Pow'rs controul,
They croud, and take up all my Soul.

Prieſteſs. Prepare; *Anubis* is at hand;
Sound all your Inſtruments of Joy,
And celebrate the God's Approach.

[*The Prieſteſs waves her Wand, and the Temple opens, and diſcovers a riſing Sun.*

SCENE XIII.

DECIUS *as the God* Anubis, PAULINA, *Prieſteſs and Prieſts.*

Dec. *Celeſtial Maid! O far more bright*
Than Beauty's Queen, how great thy Charms!

The Graces view thee with Delight,
And Cupid *revels in thy Arms.*

Celeſtial Maid! O far more bright
Than Beauty's Queen, how great thy Charms!

SCENE XIV.

DECIUS, PAULINA, IDA, *Prieſteſs, Prieſts, and* SIMO.

Simo. Say *Ida*, does the pious Fraud ſucceed?

Ida. Peace, Fool, I would thou wer't not here,
That Face does too much Buſineſs wear.

Simo. I ſtand corrected, and to ſhew
I value your Advice, I'll go.

[Simo *going, is ſtopt by* Marcellus.

SCENE

SCENE XV.

DECIUS, MARCELLUS, PAULINA, IDA, *Prieſteſs, Prieſts, and* SIMO.

Dec. Again, in Honour of *Paulina*'s Name,
The ſolemn Rights perform.
Bright Maid! with me retire.

Mar. Hold, *Decius*, hold; not this Diſguiſe
Can hide Thee from *Marcellus*' Eyes.

Dec. Ha! ---- I'm betray'd:-----

Paul. Propitious Pow'rs! from what am I eſ-
(ſcap'd?

Dec. Was this well done? [*To the Prieſteſs.*

Prieſteſs. To thy own Honour I appeal.

Dec. No more:---- I was to blame.
Marcellus, take *Paulina* to thy Arms;
Decius henceforth ſhall give Thee no Alarms.

Mar. As from the Gods this Bleſſing I receive,
My future Life to crown.

CHORUS.

Thus alone we happy prove,
Bleſt with Beauty, and with Love.

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Mar. As from the Gods this Bleſſing I receive,
My future Life to crown.

CHORUS.

Thus alone we happy prove,
Bleſt with Beauty, and with Love.

In the First ACT.

The following *Incantations*, written by the Author of *CIRCE*, and sung by Mr. LEVERIDGE, as an *Infernal Priest*.

WE must assemble by a Sacrifice (Skies;
Those Demons, *who do range about the*
Their necessary Aid to use,
Those poisonous Herbs and Roots to those,
Which mingled, and prepar'd by your strong Art,
Do to your Charms their thiefest Force impart.

Your Censers to the Altar take,
And with Arabian *Gums sweet Odours make;*
The Air with Musick gently wound,
Sweet Smells they love, and ev'ry pleasing Sound.

PLUTO, *arise!*
From those blest Shades where Kings and Lovers (are,
Where those no Torment have from State and Care,
And these feel not the Torments of Despair.

In

In the Second ACT.

The following AIR, ſet to Muſick by Dr. PEPUSCH, and ſung by Mrs. FLETCHER, as *Iris*.

CEaſe, valiant * Hero! ceaſe to grieve;
The Gods thy Pray'rs and Penitence receive;
You cannot ſin ſo faſt as they forgive.

Pleaſure and Delight ſhall meet thee,
Love and Beauty ſmiling greet thee,
All thy future Days to crown:

Joys attending,
Sorrows ending,
Fate will now forbear to frown.

Pleaſure and Delight ſhall meet thee,
Love and Beauty ſmiling greet thee,
All thy future Days to crown.

---

* Note, *Theſe three Lines are by the Author of* CIRCE.

In the Second ACT.

SONG, ſung by Mrs. PULMAN, as a *Sea-Nymph.*

OFT on the troubled Ocean's Face
Loud ſtormy Winds ariſe,
The murmuring Surges ſwell apace,
And Clouds obſcure the Skies:

But when the Tempeſt's Rage is o'er,
Soft Breezes ſmooth the Main:
The Billows ceaſe to laſh the Shore,
And all is calm again.

Not ſo, in fond and amorous Souls,
If Tyrant Love once reigns;
There one eternal Tempeſt rolls,
And yields unceaſing Pains.

Ah! cruel God, our Peace reſtore,
Or wound us with thy Shafts no more!

FINIS.